

W. P. WALTON.

Catching Toothsome Birds on the Wing—In a Gunning Skiff—The "Pusher"—The Rail's Skillfulness in Strategy.

[Philadelphia Press.] Both redbirds and rail begin to arrive in the Delaware marshes about the middle of August. Lured by the vast area of feeding ground and the apparent quietude which hangs over their favorite haunts, they settle in flocks upon the tempting flats and commence to line their ribs with the delicately flavored plumpness which makes the epicure's diaphragm tingle.

Thousands of gunners, restrained by the exacting game laws of Pennsylvania and the West Jersey protective association, wait impatiently for the day upon which they will be let loose upon the feathered visitors. Guns are cleaned, shells loaded, skiffs repaired and every preparation made for the coming sport. On Aug. 23, New Jersey releases the grip of her protecting hand and the battery opens. From Bordentown to the bay, the cannoning is terrific and the birds take their meals upon the "catch-as-catch-can" system. The first day of September opens the season along the Pennsylvania shore, and a few of the rail and redbirds live through the siege. Late in October a few flocks of able-bodied specimens and a line of straggling cripples make their escape from the fiery circle of death and wing southward. Every conceivable weapon is brought into service during the campaign.

OUT IN A SKIFF. The old single-barrel muzzle-loader kills as surely as the latest Scott or Remington, and the secret of success lies more in the shooting than the gun. Not being gifted with wings to follow the birds, the gunner either tramps through the mud or pushes his way with a skiff. The recesses of the marsh are inaccessible to the skiff at low water, and, save an occasional bang from the shotgun of a tramping sportsman, there is peace among the reeds while the tide is out. The gunning skiff is double-bowed, almost as light as a racing shell and is propelled through the tall reeds by a pusher, who stands upon the rear stern with his forward foot braced against a cleat. The pole is smooth and round, from fifteen to twenty feet long, very light and strong, with three blunt prongs upon one end and a half-round knob upon the other.

The pusher pokes the pronged end into the muddy bottom, leans his weight upon the pole, taking hand-over-hand grips as he grows shorter and the light skiff shoots ahead through the rustling reeds. The gunner sits or crouches in the bow, with his gun on full cock. The pusher faces straight ahead, and, if an expert in his business, never looks at his pole. When he sights game, he cries, "Mark right" or "Mark left" according to the side of the skiff it is on, or simply "Mark" when it is in front. High water is the harvest time. The wary birds, driven from the river front, congregate upon the ridges and knolls back toward the main land and are difficult to reach, unless the "flood" is on.

GUNNER AND "PUSHER." The rail never clings or perches, and only gets up out of the mud to fly. The "pusher," however, spends his time clinging to the reeds or sitting upon low bushes and trees along the bank, and runs upon the ground. His plaintive "pink pink" is heard constantly during flight, but when feeding the note changes to a sweet, conversational "chick," not unlike that of the blackbird. The rail's vocal abilities are limited, and a low chuck is the only noise he makes as he trails through the mud. Experienced gunners, by imitating the redbird's note, can bring flocks within gunshot. The art of calling them is difficult to acquire, but the sound, made with two fingers laid across the mouth, is so natural that it will often bring the birds back two or three times after being shot at.

The gunning skiff accommodates but two men, and is very cranky. The pusher's position is a ticklish one at all times, and the least variation of posture or sudden movement of an inexperienced gunner will set the frail craft to rocking unsteadily. To save the pusher occasionally suffers watery martyrdom, and "spills" himself to restore equilibrium. Anticipating frequent duck aggs, he has arranged his best dressed figure in garments that can be ruined by such a trivial occurrence as a mud bath, and he clambers on board again dripping like a spaniel. Having visited the marsh to feed, the birds seem unwilling to leave it until they grow fat. The "pusher," in his plump condition, is covered everywhere with soft, yellow fat, except a small bit of red meat upon the breast point. He picks perfectly clean, like a robin, and owes his popularity somewhat to the fact of his appetizing appearance before being cooked. It requires a professional picker, however, to do justice to the "rail," which is covered from neck to claws with a close fuzz or down that is exasperating to the touch, and the feathers plucker. The "rail" is the game bird of the two, and a gunner's count is always made upon the number of rail he bags.

THE CUNNING RAIL. Sometimes, when surprised by the sudden appearance of a skiff, the cunning bird will disappear under water, and cling to the reeds with his feet until the danger has passed. Four or five boats may pass over him while in this position without discovering the trick. The point of his bill sticking out of the water supplies him with sufficient air to breathe. The sixth gunner may bag him if his courage and confidence give way and he comes to the surface to fly. A gunner on the river side of a marsh that is being heavily gunned, is often surprised to see "rail" starting up clear water. They have been driven under by the boats in the reeds and paddle out unobserved to come to the surface and take wing suddenly. Though skillful in strategy, however, the rail, unfortunately for himself, possesses a great stock of curiosity. A gunner quietly drifting up a narrow run, sometimes whistles or knocks with a shell upon his boat. Curious to learn what the noise is, a rail will push out from the reeds to have a look. After the shot, another inquisitive specimen will often appear and suffer the fate of his predecessor before his curiosity has been satisfied.

Fine shot and light charges of powder do the work most satisfactorily. The usual load is three and a half drachms of powder and from a half ounce to an ounce of shot to each shell. The size of shot varies from 8 to 10, and the finer it is the better. A hard hit "pusher" is a mass of blood and feathers if he is shot. Fine shot goes through the bird without mangling.

A Beautiful Epitaph. (Courier-Journal.) In a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl. On the stone were chiseled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.' I used to think, and I do now, that it was one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever heard."

LEEING DAVIE.

(Andrew Pickens in Inter Ocean.)

Every one knows that there are various degrees of excellence in lying, as there are in all the other polite arts. But there are some who, by their precocity of talent in this department of genius, discover at once that nature has designed them for achieving the most brilliant honors of invention; and this was the case with the subject of our memoir, who, in the days of his obscurity, was known only by the simple but unanimously awarded title of "Leeing Davie."

Davie's parents lived in Storey street, in the well-known town of Paisley. They were very creditable people and had a numerous family, none of whom, however, showed any distinctive parts, save only Davie. It answered Davie's purpose never to do the things that he was desired to do, and to do various other things that he was strictly enjoined not to do, but let the case be ever so bad, Davie was sure to get himself out of it by one or more good, well-told lies. It was his stepmother who suffered most in these cases. Sometimes, in her zeal for truth, she let out expressions of perfect horror at Davie, calling him an inveterate and notorious liar; but this only served to make matters worse for her. The tables would be completely turned against her by the lad's inveterate skill and the father's partiality, until the cry of "my motherless children" became the watchword which always ended, in restoring Davie into favor and throwing all the wrath of the father against the hapless and simple-hearted mother.

Davie was actually awkward at the truth. When it was necessary to tell a few words of truth to make a lie tell the better he hesitated and stammered and blushed, so that you could not help suspecting him and the truth itself, but when he had got on to the main lie, for which he had prepared through this painful preparation, he told it with such pleasure and with such a face that the whole showed that he was born to despise the inconvenient trammels of verity and to revel in the upper regions of pure invention. One day Davie, who was now 15, was sent by his stepmother with a message to a friend at the farther end of the town. It was war time, and volunteering and recruiting presented too many temptations for Davie to resist, so he never thought of his message or of returning home till late that afternoon.

It drew toward evening, and still no appearance of Davie. Mr. Peterkin being in a particularly favorable humor tonight, all Davie's tricks and lies were known to his wife, and the two joined in heartily abusing the luckless lad. Now there was quartered in town a remarkably handsome officer, who created a great sensation among the women; and there was also in the town an uncommonly pretty woman, a Mrs. Templeton, who peculiarly favored this Capt. Palmer. Whenever, therefore, husband and wife were on such terms as to gossip comfortably together, a pleasant subject could not be started than the scandalous conduct of Mrs. Templeton and Capt. Palmer; and now to this very topic Mr. Peterkin and his wife had agreeably diverged.

When Davie was within a few paces of his father's door he applied to his wife, as he formerly did to a fact out of his scrapbook. But the greatest geniuses will sometimes break down, and Davie found himself at fault. He had tried his fancy on all the subjects that were worthy of his powers. He had got into the room where his father and mother were sitting, without a single thought occurring to him to account for his day's absence. But he slipped into the room the names of Capt. Palmer and Mrs. Templeton struck his ear, and he had the whole thing ready; and not only so, but his fancy being now awake, a train of ideas darted into his head, all the way from the seat of war, that would almost have filled a newspaper.

"You unmanageable rascal!" said his father looking around, "where have you been all day? Give an account of yourself this instant." "So I will, father," said Davie, modestly; "I would have been home long ago, but I could not get out of the crowd." "What crowd, you lying villain?" "The crowd at the Cross about the news." "What news have you brought now? None of your stories, Davie, this time; it won't do." "Then you have not heard the news, sir? The mail's not in yet, but an English rider came down on a reeking horse with the news that there has been a great battle abroad and 90,000 of the French killed, besides Gen. Bonaparte himself!"

Davie cried his father, cooking his ears, "is that really for a fact? I saw the rider at the town's house, and there's a great crowd waiting for the mail. But I would have gotten home well enough only for the business about Mrs. Templeton." "Mrs. Templeton," cried father and mother together. "What of her? What is the story about Davie?" "Ye have na heard, then, that she ran off wi' Capt. Palmer this morning in a chaise and four, an'—"

"There, now, gulesman, I told you!" cried Mrs. Peterkin. "O, the wanton wretch! But what more, Davie?" "I thought you had heard of it," said Davie, quietly; "but there was Mr. Templeton himself in the chaise-and-four after them; forbye Will Craig, the town officer, mounted behind his red coat and the two dragons riding before, an' all flying like Jehu!"

"But who told you these particulars, Davie?" said his father. "I should like to know your authority." "Was Deacon Dote," answered Davie, readily, "he told me the news, and he asked kindly for you and mother." "Deacon Dote is a spongy, sensible man, and it must be an undoubted fact," said Mr. Peterkin solemnly. "This is a most extraordinary war!"

It happened to be club night, and the hour was now at hand; so Mr. Peterkin, knowing that he was the sole learner of and referee upon this news, so refreshing to the weary spirits of a country club. He was somewhat damped on finding that the English rider's intelligence about the great battle was not confirmed by the newspapers which soon after arrived. But the story about Mrs. Templeton was so rich and so profitable that he did not let the club for months. Not but that the zeal of the club for vir us and morals and all that was greatly kindled, but the zeal and honest wrath of the members was chiefly manifested by the turn of the conversation to similar instances of female frailty, and the most interesting and instructive discourse was kept up upon the subject the whole evening.

Mr. Peterkin and his wife rejoiced in the

pleasures of their story for two whole days, and had the satisfaction of hearing it confirmed everywhere; in fact, it was the talk of all the talkers in town. On the evening of the second day, however, while the two sat at tea, discussing the additional particulars which public rumor had by this time engorged upon it, a knocking was heard in the hall, and the servant girl informed Mr. Peterkin that two strange men waited at the door to speak to him.

When our friend had descended the stairs he started with surprise on seeing the king's messenger and William Craig, the town's officer, waiting for him. "Is your name James Peterkin?" said the former, with legal formality. "It is," replied Peterkin, his heart in his throat.

"I serve you with this instrument, with witness present," said the messenger, putting a paper into the frightened man's hand. "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Peterkin," continued the messenger, "ye had better scald your tongue in hot ball than to have raised this dishonor upon you. Mrs. Templeton! You're to be examined before the public functionaries, within the clerk's chamber, to-morrow at 11 o'clock, there to answer at your peril! An' there'll be Mr. Templeton, himself, to confront you, sir; an' if it be proven upon you, you shall be punished with the utmost rigor of the law."

"And I would advise you as a friend, Mr. Peterkin," added the officer, striking in, "to keep out of Capt. Palmer's way, for he's going about with a sword, new out of the scabbard, and a pair of great horse pistols, swearing that if he gets you he'll stick you like a calf an' blow your brains out forbye!"

"You're in a melancholy predicament, I tell you as a friend," rejoined the messenger, "and so, good night."

At length the dreadful moment arrived, and Mr. Peterkin, having adorned himself with a clean frilled shirt, girded up his strength and marched forth to take his trial. Great was the bustle on his arrival in the court.

"James Peterkin," said the provost, with sonorous solemnity, "you are accused of having maliciously spread abroad certain false and scandalous reports, injurious to the character of a worthy lady. What have you to say in your defense?" Mr. Peterkin's mouth was as dry as a burnt stick and he looked round for help in vain.

"I am sorry to see you standing at this disgraceful bar, Mr. Peterkin," said little Bailie Shuttleton, who, having lately married a handsome young wife of whom he was desperately jealous, felt a laudable zeal and a sensitive sympathy in a matter so near to his heart, and he was anxious to disparage that sweet Mrs. Templeton. Besides, Sir Provost, I have spoken to Mr. Peterkin this whole fortnight."

"How could you, sir, be guilty of spreading such a scandal?" said Bailie Farrier next, who was by no means uninterested in the affair, for the good people of Paisley had uttered dark sayings regarding him and Bailie Shuttleton's young wife. "Have you any witnesses, James?" inquired the provost.

"Yes, Bailie," various," said he courageously; for at this moment Deacon Dote entered the court, and, at Mr. Peterkin's request, he was ordered to stand forth. "William Dote," continued the chief magistrate, "did you tell the defendant these scandalous particulars against the character of Mrs. Templeton?"

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed the deacon, indignantly, "I did no such thing. I could have had the heart to speak a word to disparage that sweet Mrs. Templeton. Besides, Sir Provost, I have spoken to Mr. Peterkin this whole fortnight."

"But you told the story to my son Davie," said Peterkin, with great courage. "Come forward, Davie, lad."

Davie came forward modestly, gracefully, and with an air of honest confidence. "Young man," said the provost, "hold up your head and never be ashamed to tell the truth. Did William Dote tell you last week these particulars reported of Mrs. Templeton?"

"No, your worship's honor, he did not." "Did you not," interrupted his father, "tell me the story about Mrs. Templeton Tuesday evening last, you villain?" "Not a word, sir, father; you're entirely in a mistake, but I heard my father and mother talking about Mrs. Templeton and Capt. Palmer when I came home from the volunteer park."

"This is a black business, Mr. Peterkin," said the provost. "If you're not able to raise 500 or 600 pounds sterling for damages I am afraid the said jail will have a delicious morsel of you. I always thought you a man of truth and character; but now, yet there's your own son, whose very face has honesty in it, has convicted you of falsehood before this whole court."

"What have you to say in this business, mistress?" demanded he, as Mrs. Peterkin arose. "I have to say, sir," she answered, in evident wrath, "that all this business is a clear case to me as green as grass, it is just as visible to me as a pimple on your nose; that this whole misbehavior is a rascal; that I have faced Davie, the leeing callan there. I can tell you, sir, from black experience that the ne'er-do-weel is one of the most inveterate, incorrigible, mischievous fellows that ever opened a mouth! The said father of—himself is but a bungler to him. I heard the whole story from him wi' my ain ear, an' he told me the whole of it on the authority of Deacon Dote there, spoutin' a big lie."

Little Bailie Shuttleton now drew himself up, and proceeded to catch a word. "Naw, my lad," he began, "speak freely. Did you tell nothing to your father and mother last Tuesday of a gentleman and lady having eloped together, and of other persons going in pursuit of them?" "Yes, sir, but I said nothing about Capt. Palmer or Mrs. Templeton."

"And when, then, did you tell about?" "I'm afeared to tell sir," added Davie, modestly. The heart of Bailie Shuttleton gave a suspicious bump, while an awful silence descended upon the court. "Naw, but what was the name of the lady?" said the provost.

"Well, sir," said Davie, "it was just Mrs. Shuttleton, the laird's young wife, and the gentleman was just Capt. Farrier, beside you there."

"Farrier and Shuttleton might have been taken for Palmer and Templeton, certainly," said the provost with judicial gravity. "But who dared to tell you that Bailie Farrier had run off with my wife, young man?" said the jealous little magistrate, hardly able to sit on his seat with veracity.

"I saw it wi' my ain een, sir," said Davie. By this time the whole crowd without the bar was in a titter of whispering surmises about Bailie Shuttleton's lady. William Craig, the officer, was making the most magnificent grimaces to Deacon Dote and Bailie Farrier, and Capt. Palmer, who stood behind looking through his eye-glasses at the scene, burst into audible laughter.

"But who did tell you the particulars you told your parents, boy?" continued Bailie Farrier, determined to sift the matter, "if it was not Deacon Dote?"

"It was just Deacon Dote, the meal-monger in Dirty street," said Davie readily. "Faith, the salter's done for now, I'm thinking," said Craig, the officer, whose shrewdness was well known. "Deacon Dote's not far to fetch, bailie; I saw him pass the window this minute."

"Bring him in, William," said they all, and

and by this time Mr. Peterkin and his wife were rather enjoying the scene than otherwise.

When the other deacon was brought in and was confronted with the lad, the whole story was seen to be a tissue of fabrications, and the tables were completely turned upon Davie, who was forthwith committed for twenty-four hours in the jail.

But Davie himself was not particularly discomfited by this passing "menhacer," and before two days were over had brought home to his father another pleasant story, how the provost of Paisley had given Capt. Palmer a black eye in a duel fought at the back Mrs. Ralston's public house, about Mrs. Templeton.

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Playing for King Louis—An Example of Expansion and Absorption. (Foreign Letter.)

The Countess O'Sullivan, otherwise "Mina. Walter," the eminent Viennese actress, related in Le Figaro the story of her recent performance at Munich, before the king of Bavaria, who was, as is his invariable practice, the sole spectator on the occasion. Mina. Walter owed to having looked forward with considerable misgiving to the prospect of facing an empty house, accustomed as she is to having the theatre packed from pit to ceiling.

Nervous and trembling when first she stepped on the boards, she all at once became inspired by the reflection which suddenly occurred to her that what her audience wanted in quantity it made up in quality, King Louis being notoriously one of the most passionate play-goers, and admittedly one of the best judges of acting to be found in his dominions.

She was not long in recovering full possession of all her powers, and she has rarely, she says, been able to throw so much fire and spirit into her acting as she did on that occasion. She several times tried to make out the silhouette of her solitary auditor, who was seated in the royal box opposite the stage, but failed to pierce the darkness in which the auditorium was enveloped; for that part of the house is, seems, never lighted when King Louis goes to the play.

Mina. Walter is inclined to justify the sovereign's craving for solitude on the occasion of his visiting the theatre. The sight and noise of a full and brilliantly lighted house keep continually destroying the illusion, and, recalling the spectators and the actors to the realities of life. The suppression of every element of disturbance and distraction permits the king not merely to enjoy the spectacle with complete freedom from interruption of any kind, but to surrender himself so fully to the artistic illusion as to take, in Mina. Walter's words, "the fable of the poet for the reality," and it is known that King Louis's absorption in a well-acted piece does, in fact, go that length.

Circumstances Alter Cases. (Texas Sittings.) A farmer hired a man to help work the farm. One summer day, when labor was very scarce, the two were mowing in the field, and several larks flew up. "Look at those big cranes," said the hired man.

"Those are not cranes; they are only larks," replied the farmer, somewhat surprised. "If you don't say that they are cranes, I'll knock off work right now," said the hired man.

As the farmer could get nobody at that time to take the hired man's place, he was obliged to yield to the whim of the manial. "Yes," said the farmer, "I see now that they are cranes, but they are not big cranes; they are only half-grown cranes."

The hired man was satisfied with this concession. Some months afterwards, the hired man still being in the employment of the farmer, the latter sat at dinner one day, as he poured out a glass of water: "Here is some very fine beer," said the hired man, "that's only water," replied the hired man.

"If you don't say it is beer you can tender your resignation, for I don't want any offensive partisans about the place." The hired man knew very well that he couldn't get another situation at that time of the year, so he tasted the water, and cheerfully endorsed the administration. "Of course it's beer, but it hasn't got much body to it."

Having thus convinced the president that he was sound on the goods question the hired man was allowed to retain his position. (New York Sun.)

"I didn't always borrow the earth for a living," said Farmer Panackia, of Orange county, N. Y. "I was once a wine merchant's clerk in Brooklyn. I married young, and my wife, who is sitting there now, with the reputation of being as good a farmer's wife as there is in the county, made just as good a mate for a hard-up clerk then. Like many young couples we had bought furniture on instalment, and we were not able to pay all the sums as they fell due. Everything seemed to be going against us, and our little girl was sick, when I came home early one Saturday afternoon and found a craps hanging to my door-bell. My heart was in my mouth and my tears choked me as I met my wife."

"So dear little Minnie is gone?" I said. "Minnie's gone," said my wife. "Oh, no. But the clerk's man will be around in a minute to seize the furniture, and I thought the craps might check him." "It checked him. He halted his wagon a dozen yards away, walked on tip-toe to the door, examined the craps, and went softly away, afraid apparently, that some one might hear him. Minnie recovered, and in a few days afterward I scraped together enough money to pay the bill, but I haven't bought on instalments since."

Unsanitary Plight of Windsor. (London Letter.) The Latest lately gave a dreadful picture of the unsanitary plight of Windsor. It is entirely agreed with the report made by a special agent of the The Builder fourteen years ago, and is confirmed by a well-known Windsor clergyman, who writes: "In South place in this town there are forty-two houses, with a population varying from 175 to 210. To these forty-two houses there are fourteen closets, all without water. Ten of these houses have no 'backs,' no sinks, no closets. All are without water. There are in these ten houses five fifty people without the common decencies of life. The medical officer admits all this, but adds: 'I do not feel justified in condemning these houses as unfit for habitation.' Such is royal Windsor. No wonder the prince's court got his typhoid there."

Worship of the Shark. (Discharge.) In some parts of the African coast the shark is still worshiped and offerings of poultry and goats are made. Once a year a child is sacrificed to propitiate it. The victim is bound to a pole in the sands at low water, and, as the tide rises, mingles its shrieks and screams with those of his mother until it is devoured by sharks.

Fifteen hundred telephone instruments in Buffalo, N. Y., are supplied with electricity by the water power of Niagara falls.

"To be a human is to forgive, forgive all," Pope.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God," Pope.

"Cheerfulness is the best of all things," do'ng well,"—Chesterfield.

"To be a human is to forgive, forgive all," Pope.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God," Pope.

ELEPHANT TALK.

INTERVIEW WITH THE MAN WHO BROUGHT JUMBO TO AMERICA.

History of the Largest Elephant That Ever Lived—Many Peculiarities of Eating and Drinking—About Elephants in General.

[Inter Ocean.]

"Jumbo was certainly a wonderful elephant," said Mr. Davis, "and his history is full of interest. He was born on the west coast of Africa in or about the year 1861, and was consequently 24 years of age—just in his prime. When still a baby he was caught and carried into captivity, his first destination being Paris, where he was kept till he was 4 years of age. He was then purchased by the Zoological society of London, England, and removed to their gardens in that city. He arrived there in June, 1865. He was then four feet ten inches in height. At the time of his death he was eleven feet four inches in height. When standing in a natural position the distance to the top of his head was twelve feet five inches. His actual weight was seven and a half tons."

In addition to his great size there were several peculiar physical features about Jumbo which excited much curiosity among naturalists, and led some eminent scientists to express the opinion that he was not an elephant at all, but that he was allied to the old and now extinct mastodon species. In his back there was a deep hollow, where, in other elephants, there was a large convex curve, and his head was curved in a marked manner where other elephants are hollow. His knees, too, were not in the same place as are those of other elephants. They were much nearer his thighs, making the upper part of his leg unusually short and the under part unusually long.

HIS LIFE AT THE ZOO.

"Nothing of particular interest occurred to vary the ordinary course of his everyday life until he was 12 years of age. He was then taken violently sick, and so ill did he become that it was thought he would die. He was very low for three weeks, but gradually his disease began to yield to the remedies applied, and Jumbo recovered. His growth was quite gradual, and was not distinguished by any marked or peculiar changes. As he grew in years and size he grew in knowledge and wisdom. He was very fond of society, and was never happier than when contributing to the amusement and entertainment of vast crowds of people."

"His special favorites, however, were little children, who were always treated by him with the greatest care and gentleness. He knew when a crowd of them were mounted upon his back. He allowed the little ones to handle his trunk and play among his feet, and was very careful not to trample on them or injure them in any way. On one occasion he was carrying a load of children in the Zoological gardens when a little one unobserved by his keeper crossed his path and stood right in his way. The sagacious animal at once stepped his course, and for a moment refused to go on when ordered to do so. The keeper then went round to see what was the matter, and found Jumbo simply picking up the little one, which was right at his feet, with his trunk, and placing him carefully out of his way. When he had accomplished this he went on as if nothing had occurred."

"WHAT DID JUMBO COST?" "Mr. Barnum paid the Zoological association \$10,000 for him as he stood in the gardens in London. It took nearly a year's negotiating to secure him even for that sum, as many of the Zoological gardens directors were greatly opposed to his sale. Two only things that induced the Englishmen to part with him was the fact that he was becoming unruly and dangerous. The superintendent of the gardens had made a report to that effect."

"Has Jumbo ever done anything to justify his reputation for having a vicious nature?" "No—on the contrary, he has always behaved with the utmost decorum excepting when we attempted to transfer him from his yard in the Zoological gardens to the steamer that was to convey him to America. There are only a few steamships large enough to carry him. I had arranged for his passage on one of these. The landing was eleven miles distant from his garden. Jumbo had a keen sense of his enclosure as he was a horse for eighteen years. We chained him securely and then tried to lead him to the steamer. We had hardly led the enclosure before he realized that something strange was on and he immediately lay down in the center of the road and refused to budge an inch."

A CASE OF OBSTINACY. "All our efforts, all our persuasion was of no avail. Jumbo had made up his mind not to leave the place where he had spent so many happy years, and go and wander about in the world. He would not budge an inch. He could help it. We got him back into his old quarters, and then set to work and had constructed an immense cage on wheels. This called for \$3,000 and several weeks' work in construction. We got Jumbo into it by strategy and thus took him off in triumph to the ship which was to carry him across the sea to America."

"What of Jumbo's manner of living?" "He had a good healthy appetite. It cost \$40 a week to keep him in food alone. The diet of elephants is much the same as that of horses, excepting that they eat larger quantities. Eight or ten leaves of bread used to be a small item of dessert at one of Jumbo's meals. I am sorry to say that Jumbo contracted several bad habits. He would never sweat, but was content on chewing tobacco and drinking of the wine that doth inebriate, or rather lager beer and whisky."

GOD-NATURED AND HARMLESS. "Has Jumbo ever injured any one?" "No, and his devotion to his keeper, Scott, was something wonderful. These two had been together over twenty years. Scott always had his bunk within reach of Jumbo's trunk. He ruled the great beast absolutely, and that, too, by the power of love. He never culled or beat him, nor used the cruel elephant hook so common with other elephant-keepers. When he was near by Jumbo was always content, but let Scott be out of sight or reach for even a few minutes and Jumbo became uneasy."

"How many elephants are there all told in this country?" "About seventy-five. More than three-fourths are females, because experience proves that the female elephant is more docile. Elephants come from both India and Africa; by far the greater number are from India, on account of the superior intelligence and good nature of the elephants of that country. Jumbo was the only African elephant in Barnum's herd of eighteen elephants. There is little difference in the appearance of the African and Indian elephant; the former has a large palm leaf ear and the latter a small ear. All elephants on exhibition in this country—and there are more in the United States than all Europe combined—were captured when from 6 months to 2 years old. When about a year old they are worth in their native country about \$50 apiece."

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup